# Kari's Easter Gift

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# NANCY'S EASTER GIFT

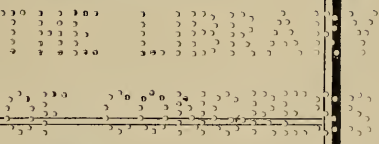
·BY·

MYRA BALDWIN

# Nancy's Easter Gift

By

Myra Baldwin



THE

Abbey Press

PUBLISHERS

114

FIFTH AVENUE

London NEW YORK Montreal

[1902]

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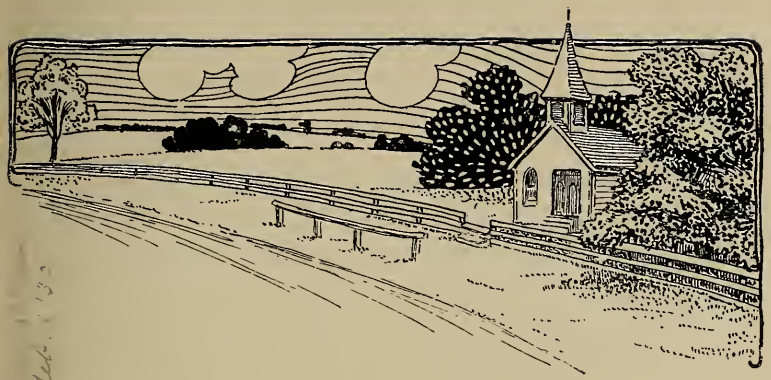

## Nancy's Easter Gift.

FRIEN', ye axed me how religion
Come to us among the hills.
'Tain't no lightsome story, nuther,—
Jes' the thought my ole heart thrills.

'Twas all through my leetle darter
That died twenty year ago.
Folk they called her saint an' holy
'Cause she saved us all from woe.

# Nancy's Easter Gift.

SHE was like a star o' heaven
Shinin' on her drunken dad—
But the story—yes, I'll tell it,
Though it makes me powerful sad.

None too good was folks in meetin'
Not to speak o' we-uns out;
Seemed jes' like the hosts of evil
Never could be put to rout.

Night an' day the po're ole preacher
Toiled till strength was well-nigh spent,
But them hearts, so hard and horny,
Wouldn't give in wurth a cent.

# Nancy's Easter Gift.

WA'AL one Sunday he was preachin'
'Bout the heathen an' the po're,
Askin' fur the mites an' dollars
Out o' their abundant store.

Lookin' over all them people
Thar warn't one that he could touch,
But he didn't see my Nancy
Holdin' tight her shinin' crutch.

# Nancy's Easter Gift.

SAYIN' "Lord, I ain't got nuthin',
Ain't got nuthin' fur ter give."
Then a somethin' seemed ter whisper,
"Don't that crutch most help yer live?

"It's nigh wurth them needed dollars;
Can't yer give up yer bes' frien',—
Though it's all that makes yer happy—
An' to God its service len'?"

Then a queer light, bright an' holy,
Shone across her face, as she
Sobbin', whispered to herself like,
"He gin up more'n that fur me."

DOWN the aisle the solemn deacon
Slowly passed the empty plate,
Folks pertendin' not to see it,—
But my Nancy's eyes looked straight,

An' right in them hands, so trembly,
That ere shinin' crutch she placed.
Then yer orter seen them sinners
Lookin' guilty an' shamefaced!

# Nancy's Easter Gift.

HOW the deacon stared an' wondered,
Till it sprung up in his mind
She war givin' to her Father
This one thing what she could find.

Up in front, an' on the pulpit
Thar he laid that Easter gift.
Quiet lasted 'most a minute,
Then the crutch on high was lift,

An' them eyes of that ere preacher
Heaped right up with many a tear.
An' although his voice was shakin',
Hard he tried ter make folks hear.

## Nancy's Easter Gift.

"DO ye see this, brethren, sist'ren,
What this noble chile hez done?
She hez gin up all her pleasures
Fur a greater, grander one.

"She hez gin up all them journeys
Over whar the flowers grow;
Over whar the birds sing happy
An' the sparklin' waters flow."

Then spoke someone 'mong them people,
In a low and husky tone,
"Folks, ye'd best gin back to Nancy
That one frien' what she hez known."

# Nancy's Easter Gift.

"SAY, I'll gin a hunderd dollars,"
Come a loud, excitin' cry;
"Put me down fur 'n other hunderd,"
Someone else called quick near by.

So they kep' right on a-givin'
'Till the crutch they couldn't see,
Fur 'twas piled that high with money—
Jes' ez much as it could be.

This tuk place on that ere Sunday
More than twenty year ago,
Still we think o' little Nancy
When the Easter flowers blow.

Since that time I've read the Scripters,
An' believe with all my might
That a leetle chile shall lead 'em
Right along up ter the light.

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